huminative and incisive phrases will young. For example, the personality of Henry cyle seems for most readers elusive, but es relatively lifelike when we are assured that the little potbellied caricature drawn by Henri Monnier was not exaggerated. The caricature was to be duced in a statue projected for a destal to be set in the midst of a new world city of Eleutheropolis depicted in an anonymous book by Prosper Mérimée -a Paris raised to the seventh heaven Cosmopolitanism; "all sorts and condiions of men and women are hurrying to pay their homage to Stendhal who, hat in hand, stomach protuding, legs absurdly curving, umbrella under his arm, nd his ironical lips compressed, contemlates with his accustomed imperturbability these ardent idolaters." He seems to say: "I predicted that I should be underood about 1880." As a matter of fact he was born in 1783 and died in 1842. He ly slightly antedated the event, and as Mr. Huneker points out: "His cult grows space and, like all cults, will be overdone. First France, then Italy, and now Gerhany had succumbed to the novels, memoirs and delightful, gossiping books of travel written by the Frenchman from Elsewhere we read: "A promder of souls and cities, Stendhal was letter writer of formidable patience; his published correspondence is enormous." Even in 1909 the Stendhal excavators are busy with their pickers and stealers. Recently a section of a journal written in 1811 was found and printed. It consisted of some notes upon Naples, its music, customs, streets and inhabitants. Mr. Huneker tells us that therein are references to Ancona, to the author's second sojourn in Milan and to his nulady loves each of whom he sched himself into believing unique. He placed Mozart and Cimarosa above Naturally the man who loved rt was bound to adore Raphael and Correggio. Lombard and Floren-tine masters he rated higher than the Dutch. Indeed, he abhorred Rembrandt ens almost as much as William Make abhorred them, though not for

Mr. Huncker is likely to surprise some rtist Stendhal does not count for much. coldly announces the fact." all sinew. And he is the most seductive a sugmented by Nietzsche's popularity

dhal's greatest pupil." fiction for the most part has been a story of the life of the author of the almagnificence of his prose Gustave FlauStirner's book as the most revolutionary self-complacency but not less truth as

-But there is a human passage in the bert equals Bossuet and Chateaubriand. ever written, and among the advanced "a most curious document." Under the first section which seems to reveal the candidates for the bachelor's degree will "Der Einzige" it seemed colorless or gray no need to be a mass of wrinkles. I know reavement, acquired at this stage a fresh be able to obtain it only by expounding set against the gorgeous rhetoric of glong with the famous exordium He Who Nietzsche. "I could not see then what I The Q's spent the evening here, and (if this passage, "I was ruled by a fixed idea Reigns in the Heavens, &c., or 'The Desaw ten years later—that Nietzsche had I don't tell Swill) I smoked a cigarette! that upon me and me alone depended the ter." The free life in the nunneries is parture of the Swallows' of Rene, the used Stirner as a springboard, as a point portrait of Catherine Le Roux, the palm of departure, and that the individual had me! Now, A, don't go and tell Dr. Prince; son who was almost a perfect stranger of the Crucified Lions in 'Salammbo.' " temperaments. But Stirner displayed the must have a little fun!" The next day A few weeks. This idea became an obsesstudies of .Flaubert's methods in com- north pole of the ego." osing his books. A small library could corrections. superimposing here and there a precious basement.

as the case with Richard Wagner."

Mr. Huneker

claiming aloud his sentences our author the while, so much the better. The many persons who have profited replies that Flaubert was "the possessor of an accurate musical ear-not without justice did Coppée call him the Beethoven of French prose.' His sense of rhythm was acute; he carried it so far that he

flow. He tested his sentences aloud." ber of the Académie Française, concern-Barrès almost endowed her with one in the case of Bérénice; and Bérénice died very be familiar, as a glance at some of his

If there have been worthier words cian; he might even obtain less. spoken by any one in any country concerning Henrik Ibsen than are uttered in the book before us we are truly unfortunate to have missed them. Mr. Hunein almost every city of Europe Ibsen s in the regular repertory. He is given at intervals with Shakespeare, Schiller, Dumas, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Grillounger dramatists. That is the true test—not the isolated divinity of a handful "How can I describe," she asks, "what it All that can be said is that when our of worshippers with an esoteric message. His plays are interpreted by skilled actors and not by untrained if enthusiastic Our author goes on to say that there is no longer such a thing as a fad known as Ibsenism on the European alone, for if I had been carrying on a feature, but these points must be noted continent. "Ibsen is recognized as the conversation I was ignorant of it; in considering it: it did not always exist; greatest dramatist since Racine and Cults claim him no more. Mr. Huneker lays his finger on Ibsen's

capital achievement when he says that

the sleek cat of the drawing room or the bayadere of luxury or the wild outlaw of is the sensible woman, the womanly shocking and horrifying, smoking a this special cause of the amnesia, its Nother composers and Shakespeare above to the old fashioned woman, who calmly such a thing, and my humiliation was of the case becomes strictly limited. From accepts her share of the burdens and responsibilities of life, single or wedded. being, and without a touch of the heroic." a frugal disposition; B extravagant. B doubt whether there was anything ab-Our author adds that Ibsen should not be would order things which A thought alto- normal in the affair. held responsible for the caricature of gether beyond her means. The epicurean womanhood evolved by his disciples. the same reason." Our author adds: When a woman evades her responsibilithe puritan frowned upon. Sometimes author received a severe shock which Despite his perverse and whimsical ties, when she is frivolous or evil, an ex- when the occasion arrived the puritan caused her to rebel against the (presumapirit Stendhal was in the larger sense ponent of the life lie in matrimony, Ibsen was uppermost, and then came an agoniz-bly) puritan conditions of her life. "A kes in grimly paints her portrait. He knows ing struggle between disapproval of the small vague complex of rebellious ort are so many witnesses to the unity of his character." and in placing his surgeonlike finger on promise. B made friends of her own of a mind, and kept on recurring from time to of his readers when he says that as a prose this bell, and when it rings cracked he them to dinner perhaps, and in the eve- In this "complex" B recognizes the "germ" n the same breath he concedes that "in current charge that Ibsen is dangerous A was shy, but to B "the acts of shaking Twenty years later our author received the current of his swift, clear parrative, for young people, Mr. Huneker does not hands, embracing and kissing were all another severe shock through the sudden and under the spell of his dry magic and deny it, any more than he would deny it alike; it made no difference to her which and desperate though as it proved peptonized, concision we do not miss the in the case of Thackeray, Balzac and Hugo. she did." In regard to literature B cared lingering illness of her husband. For peacock graces and colored splendors of "So is any strong thinker. Ibsen is a for nothing but the frothiest fiction, while four years she underwent a heavy strain Flaubert or Chateaubriand. Stendhal powerful dissolvent for an imagination A worshipped Victor Hugo, Ibsen, Tol- of hopeless nursing and anxiety, and delivers himself of a story rapidly; he is clogged by theories of life, low ideals stoy, Maeterlinck and knew the "Rubai-meanwhile the "germ" began to flourish. spiller of souls since Saint Simon." The letter but slays the spirit." Once more: the supposition must have been particu- sified. It was a longing for happiness, a judgment with which this interesting "At the best there is ethical grandeur in larly awkward. When B first began to disinclination to give up the pleasures tudy of Stendhal concludes runs as his conceptions, and if the moral stress is alternate with A our author had recently of life as the conditions required; there follows: "Irritating as are his inconsis- unduly felt, if he tears as under the veil lost her husband. A was a faithful widow was a certain determination to have those encies, his prankishness, his bombastic of our beloved illusions and shows us as and wore nothing but black. B, who had pleasures in spite of everything, and this Meetations and pretensions to a superior we are, it is because of his righteous in not the smallest sense of obligation to the caused a constant struggle." She tried orality, Stendhal is nevertheless an dignation against the platitudinous hypoc-deceased, disliked black; "not even a black to put away the longing as selfish and

uredly will, deny the assertion sein Eigenthum," which in the French and pride."

hat his influence is still incalculable. version is called "Unique et sa Propriété"

A and B. deration that "by the extent and the and His Own." Mr. Huneker describes is destined to become a great classic; spirits who have read it and felt its infludate July 28, 190 -. B writes in it: "I am triumph of B in a quite normal and faseveral centuries hence everything ence he names two, Henrik Ibsen and here again to-night, B, I am. I may as miliar light. The widow, it appears, after when the French language Friedrich Nietzsche. Mr. Huneker says half have become only a dead language, that when he first secured a copy of ervant in Madame Bovary, or the episode vastly different meanings to those diverse you don't have to tell him everything. I to me. I had known this person but a We need not say that numberless are the courage of an explorer in search of the writes: "I have struggled through another sion; all else sank into insignificance be-

In fine, Stirner, whose real name by the I bear it? Quite ill all day. I am as usual quenee and I went to all lengths to help be filled with books about his style. Mr. way was Schmidt, was the most thorpaying for B's fun." Again, on August this person. I believed that I was the Huneker points out that if Flaubert, who oughgoing Nihilist who ever penned his 20: "Terrible day! One of the worst for only one in the world who would stand that at the first arrival of guests in any was the most copious and careless of disbelief in religion, humanity, society, a long time. I cannot live this way; it is by him; that every one else had given him lodging the hostess with all her housecorrespondents, is always O altitude in the family. Nevertheless Mr. Huneker not to be expected. What is the end to up as hopeless, and that his one chance hold comes forth into the street to rematters of art, "he has set for himself finds a refreshing frankness and honesty be?" The epicurean writes next day: lay in his belief in me." an impossible standard of perfection; in his works. That his book would be "Good gracious, how we fly around! A but there is no outward sign of conflict more dangerous than a million bombs if has been ill all day-could not sleep last sion," with its peculiar features, to ex- them, to take a kiss is but as, to others, in his work: All trace of the labor be- misapprehended is not denied, but that is night. Had a gay evening; no discussion plain the new prominence in her of the to offer the right hand; for they are not stowed upon his paragraphs is absent. pronounced no reason why it should not of religion or psychology while I am in His style is simple, direct, large, above be read. "Its author can no more be held the flesh!" Again, on August 26: "Such a all clear, the clarity of classic prose." responsible for its misreading than can day! A got away from me for a while Fiscwhere our, author recajis that Flauthe orthodox faiths for their backsliders, and tried to write a letter to Dr. Prince. tert would appropriate 300 volumes for a Nietzsche has been woefully misunder- It was a funny looking letter, for I kept page of facts. His bump of scrupulous- stood; Nietzche the despiser of mob rule saying to her. You can't write; you can't ness was large. In twenty pages he some- has been acclaimed a very Attila, in- move your hand, but she had enough times saved only three or four from destead of which he is a cultured philosopher, will power to write some and direct it. Yet compare with Balzac's one who insists that reform must be first pider hadnied, scribbled over proofs spiritual. Individualism for him means Flaubert's proof seemed virginal of only an end to culture." Stirner also in to write. I have succeeded in writing "A martyr of style he was, his proud individualism was an aristo- Dr. Prince, if I can only mail it! Oh. but not altogether an enameller in precious crat. His book "Der Einzige" asserts I am tired! Such an awful struggle! Not a patient mosaic maker, the dignity of the individual, not his de-

appropriete garb; sometimes image comments they should suffice to show and French fried for mine!" One day by the action of the "obsession," straightand phrase were born simultaneously, that more knowledge and more thought are to be found in Mr. Huneker's small the dentist's when A suddenly supervenes ne up his study of Flau- volume than in a dozen ordinary treatises and having only a headache refuses to literature of abnormal psychology," the bert in the remark that he was a poet who on philosophic and ethical subjects. He keep the appointment. The diary runs heroine of this very human tale could wrote a perfect prose not prose postry, is not content to expound unless he can at on for about a year. We are not told, by scarcely fail to personify her conflicting

is indicated by Flaubert's practice of de- aim of an artistic writer-if he can teach M. W. H.

The Dissociated Personality.

deal about "dissociated personalities," would sacrifice grammar to rhythmic and now he has inspired a patient of his, "B. C. A.," recently recovered from an courage B's fondness for writing." Mr. Huneker has devoted one of his alleged attack of that malady, to describe a result A found one morning a sheet affairs. Not one of my family or friends He was of almost royal rank and came studies to the French novelist, now a mem- it from the inside. Her little book, My of paper fastened directly in the middle suspected the true state of the case. I into close contact with Charles V. and Life as a Dissociated Personality (the Gor- of the mirror with large red seals at the believe they all realized that I was in a Francis I. Much stress is put on his love ing whom Paul Bourget has said: "Among ham Press, Boston), is diverting and corners and the inscription "Read This." which are now collectively published the young people who have entered lit- instructive, and the entrance of auto- The third personality, C, is that of our able as to mood, and felt much anxiety man lends to his work its own touch of truthful purpose and conscientious ob- and B as "dissociations" of it. We hear universality it would not be untrue to servation. To explain her ready use of little about C's characteristics and though woman. Not for a moment, however, 'is her to take an active interest in abnormal that C preserves intact the "memories" it to be inferred that the eternal fem- psychology and to inform herself, so far of both A and B. inine is unsung in the Barrès novels. "For as is possible by the study of its literahis imagination," says Mr. Huneker, ture, on many of the problems involved." first section of the book, which is a genwoman is a creature exquisitely fash. He adds: "The training thus acquired eral retrospective account and analysis ioned, hardly an odalisque, nor yet the has plainly added to the accuracy and by C. The other section contains a tendency was surely evident. The quarsymbol of depravity we encounter in value of her introspective observations." slight particular autobiography of the rel is not merely about words. Allegory Huysmans. She is a 'fantom of delight'; About that there may be a difference of joyous B said to have been written by may easily darken knowledge and is likely but that she has a soul we beg to doubt. opinion. A physical sufferer who had our author "in her state as B"; and here scarcely therefor obtain for his diagnosis of his case more attention from a physi-

"B. C. A." represents herself as the embodiment of three distinct personalities. labelled A, B and C. As A, which is the earliest in her chronicle, she was unker points out that so potent a creator healthy, weary, timid, formal, reserved, of critical perspective is Death that full of moral doubts and scruples, the vicalthough "A Doll's House" when it saw tim of a despotic New England conscience. the light in 1879 provoked many disso- As B she enjoyed the opposites of most nant opinions, yet the day after Ibsen's of these traits, being strong, buoyant, death the entire civilized world wrote of lighthearted, reckless. "I felt much him as do the playgoers of Berlin or my formality and reserve; my fastes and evident from our author's statement that land novels to point the moral or adorn the tale. It goes without saying that the alter-

> any knowledge of what she did as B. proof. the street, fortunate if I found myself

accepted invitations to festivities which

well tell all I have done, I suppose. For her long struggle between duty and the one thing I had a facial massage; there is craving for the joy of life before her be-A doesn't care how she looks, but I do. source of interest. "As B," we read in S was terribly shocked and angry with salvation, moral and physical, of a perday. Bhas told me what she did. How can side it; nothing else was of any conse-I stopped her mailing it, however." on August 27: "I am too much bewildered Sometimes we find B complaining of A's ascetic taste in food. "She lives on coffee erbal jewel. First the image and then However brief may have been these and somnos-nice combination. Steak til Dr. Prince's treatments, aided perhaps being delayed the landsknechts had muti-B has a toothache and is starting out to ened her out into C.

To the charge that an absence of sanity the same time please. To charm is the the way, whether there were any differences between the handwriting of A and that of B.

send jeering notes to A, telling her to as she tells it, throughout the episode ous career is told that supplies ample ma-"cheer up," to "weep no more." not to her friends had "no suspicion of any dual-terial for romance writers, but the author Dr. Morton Prince has written a good go to the doctor so much. A began de- ism" in her. "During all this time I lived rather overshadows the chronicler. stroying all the notes she found without my life to all appearance as an ordinary reading them, "hoping in this way to dis- person. I directed the daily routine of my Palsgrave of the Rhine and later Elector,

with a portrait of Stendhal by the Scrib- erature since 1880 Maurice Barrès is cer- biography into this confusing field is author now that she is "recovered." It about my health; but that was all." May pers under the title of Egoists. We are tainly the most celebrated. One must see a new factor-that is, if we regard the was gradually evoked by hypnotic treat-not that have been all, in fact? other than a decadent or a dilettante in field as belonging to the technical science ments. At first it was intermittent and The conflicts inside a personality are birth. One curious anecdote may be quoted this analyst, the most original who has of psychology rather than to life. Two unstable, easily upset by either A or B. of course well worthy of scientific study, appeared since Baudelaire." Mr. Huneker thinks that but for the fact that the Putnam and Dr. George A. Waterman, add

Then it became firmer and more constant, but a readiness to describe them as "abnormal" and to exaggerate varying moods send you my tooth-picker, which I thought novelist's passionate curiosity in all that their testimony to Dr. Prince's in reing against it. C is described as our mystically into distinct personalities is to have given the Palsgrave while he was concerns the moral nature of his fellow spect of "B. C. A.'s" general intelligence, author's "normal personality," and A more appropriate in a romancer like say that the one Barrès passion is love of the current technical terms of mental presumably they combine those of A not upon imparting thrills. In the fast his native land. "France" is engraved on pathologists Dr. Prince mentions that and B the combination is perhaps of a growing scientific literature about per- Tell him I have had it seven years." Clearly his heart; France, and not the name of a "the experiences of her illness have led chemical nature. It appears, however, sonality there is altogether too much of this note does not come from the German

So far we have been drawing on the

been dipping into medical treatises would | we must mention a point of difference between A and B. A, as we have seen, was ignorant of all that went on during B's turns. She had to be informed of those doings by B's notes and entries in the diary, by Dr. Prince or by her own inferences. B, however, besides being conscious of her own sphere, was also "coconscious," as our author calls it, of A's turns, so that she was never, like A, taken by surprise. When A retired in the middle difficulty in carrying it on. Now when we turn from the abstract psychological him as the great man he was; great man, younger," she says, "and looked so, for statement of the case and put together great artist, great moralist. Now even the lines of care, anxiety, sorrow and some scattered hints about our author's over and over again, but the century in New York we imagine that we know fatigue faded from my face. I neglected concrete circumstances and her life story has never found its adequate historian. him; but, asks Mr. Huneker, do we know my family and friends shamefully; lost meanwhile, we shall perhaps doubt whether there was anything really abnormal in the St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Vienna or ideals were completely changed." For more affair, anything more than a sharp con-Munich? Or, again, do we realize his than a year A and B alternated in her, flict of moods and different strains of in art it is the time of the full bloom of technical prowess? That this latter ques- so that she was by turns each of the two character minutely recorded and tricked painting, of Titian, Leonardo, Raphael, ion must be answered in the negative is characters usually contrasted in New Eng-out with these labels of A and B and C, and with odds and ends of "scientific" dialect, but nevertheless quite ordinary in its essence with a single feature excepted. nating A and B caused each other a world this amnesia of A in respect of B's doings. of trouble. Our author had no control We are told that A was not conscious of over their appearances, nor as A had she B's doings, but that of course is beyond milian and Charles V. and Francis I. and in the German chronicles. There is stories to be told which are generally

is towake suddenly, as itwere, and not to author was in the A mood she could not know the day of the week, the time of day remember what she had done in the B a time of utmost confusion in the common or why one is in a given position? I mood, just as a man when sober may for- affairs of life, the end of a period of mediwould come to myself as A. perhaps on get what occurred to him when drunk, eval development, the beginning of the A's amnesia is admittedly an abnormal fortunate indeed in that case if I did during a long period of the alternations not contradict something I had been between A and B, A was fully conscious saying, for as B my attitude toward all of B's doings and remembered them; things was quite the opposite of that the amnesia began only as a result of hypthe Norwegian dramatist "discovered for taken by A. Often it happened that I notic treatment by Dr. Prince. Our the stage the modern woman. No longer came to myself at some social gathering - author and Dr. Prince in a footnote both a dinner perhaps-to find I had been ascribe it exclusively to this treatment; drinking wine (a thing I as A felt bound but hypnosis can, of course, play all society, the 'emancipated' Ibsen woman not to do) and, what was to me most sorts of tricks upon memory. Given woman, bearing a not remote resemblance cigarette; never in my life had I done value as contributing to the abnormality the general point of view it may indeed The contrast is worked out in detail as be disregarded, and with this peculiar though she insists on her rights as a human carefully as by any novelist. A was of feature set aside it is quite possible to

In B's sketch she gives us some account

of her own "genesis." In childhood our that a fiddle can be mended and a bell not; amusement and reluctance to break a thoughts and feelings" then arose in her the screet spot of our social life he sounds kind much disliked by A. B would ask time but was quickly suppressed by her. As for the ning it might be A who had to receive them. of her subsequent distinct "personality." and the facile materialism that exalts the yat" by heart. In the matter of dress "The old rebellious group became intenduring figure in French literature. His risy of modern life."

belt or button would she put on." "This weak, and succeeded more or less until fact was far more strange than it seems." "finally her husband died away from readers of Mr. Huneker's book will find says our author, underrating our imagina- home, and that was the one thing she had Nistzsche, who after Merimee was Sten- themselves introduced for the first time, tive sympathy. It seems to us that she felt she could not bear." The blow prosalthough about a dozen years ago must have become an adept in "lightning trated her. She sank into the nerveless, In the article on "The Real Flaubert" the Scottish-German poet John Henry changes," and we can well believe that unhealthy, conscience ridden A; but then, reauthor rices not hesitate to aver Mackay published in a book entitled "it caused much friction, for B's manner somehow, the germ of B, the old "complex" that since "Madame Bovary" French "Max Stirner: sein Leben und sein Wert" of carrying out her ideas was under the of rebellious, pleasure loving feelings, circumstances eccentric, to say the least, asserted itself. It "flowered"; it ceased Flaubert with variations. No one asmost forgotten book, "Der Einzige und and as A it offended my sense of propriety will, deny the assertion sein Eigenthum," which in the French and pride."

"personality." How that happened extherein the most all-beautifullest nums. A and B, at the fostering instigation actly B does not explain; she relapses at We are reminded of François Coppée's and in the English translation "The Ego perhaps of Dr. Prince, kept a joint diary, this crucial point into the obscurity of which our author describes with some the abstract and dialectical.

What more is needed than this "obsesnow run a smooth course, the A mood would have disappeared, but unhappily they did not. "After a few weeks I discovered a deception in matters which my revelation came in a flash, a strong emotion swept over me, and B, with all its traits, physical characteristics and points changed to a state of illness and languor,"

Primed by a diligent study of "the

moods. She confesses, however, that oner to Arras. The women assailed the until she had read this literature she commander, carried him off and when he A characteristic habit of B was to personality," and it is noteworthy that, A pretty complete story of an adventur-"As household and managed my business Mrs. Cust introduces us to higher society. serious nervous condition, very change- affair with Charles's sister Eleonora, who his voice about the tourists who pestered

> Stevenson than in the sober scientist, bent upon understanding and explaining. a romantic tendency.

In Dr. Prince's own large treatise published some years ago about "Miss Beauchamp," "Sally" and four or five other is entertaining in his military adventures, alleged "personalities" in one body, this to blunt the sense of facts, and scientific explanation tries to effect a junction with the normal, not a superfluous separation from it.

Travellers in a Romantic Century. It is curious how little has been written comparatively and how slight the definite scientific knowledge is of the most brilliant century in modern history, that which extends from the middle of the fifteenth to the middle of the sixof a conversation, for instance, B had no teenth century. Every body is familiar with the names that belong to it. Individual achievements, the accomplishment in specific directions, have been described Material is more than abundant; that invariety of amazing accomplishment. For Michelangelo, Albert Dürer; in discovery it is the age of Columbus and Vasco da Gama; in literature of Rabelais and bring close to the reader many great burne's life and work long before these Martin Luther and Machiavelli; in invention of the printing press; in politics of Charles the Bold and Louis XI., of Maxi-Henry VIII. It is a time of complete lux- historical information too to be derived brought to light or repeated when a man uriant flowering of unchecked individual effort such as the world has not seen since; marked by the Reformation and the puritanical practices that sprang from it. From the mass of records of this period, individual memoirs, town chronicles and

so forth, which the Germans especially are collecting diligently, Mrs. HENRY Cust has had the happy idea of picking out some accounts of adventurous travel through Europe which she condenses and elucidates in Gentlemen Errant (E. P. Dutton and Company). Mrs. Cust's acquaintance with the literature of the period is unusual; her erudition leads her to fill out the narratives with information from many other sources, a process which certainly makes the picture of the times more complete but which has reader often uncertain as to whether the statements before him are those of the ingentious chronicler or whether they are the amplifications from other sources and from the knowledge of English literature of the author herself. The chronicle itself becomes of secondary importance and much humor and amusing improthese entertaining local and personal records is surely desirable, as well as the introduction to English readers of chronicles of which the Germans themselves know little. None the less Mrs. Cust has succeeded admirably in the manner of treating the subject that she has preferred; she presents vivid portraits of the four adventurers she has selected, and in her story and the historical notes appended shows extraordinary knowledge in a very obscure field

The first of these is Leo of Rozmital. Bohemian lord, brother-in-law of George Podiebrad, King of Bohemia. He set out in 1465 to travel through Europe to the shrine of Santiago de Compostella. and his adventures are recorded by two chroniclers, from whose texts Mrs. Cust draws only too charily. Instead of seeking out art treasures these travellers is quoted, however, as of the Archbishop of Cologne's numbery at Neuss. "It that ever I saw. And they were all of noble birth, and they gave us to drink. And the Mother Superior invited my lord to supper and prepared for him the most delectable dance in the cloister. And the nuns were adorned right lovely in their apparel, and were acquainted with the most excellent dances, and each had her servant who served and went before her, and they all lived as they willed, and I may say that in all my days I have never commented upon in nearly all these chronicles. Through the states of Germany and the Netherlands. Leo reached the sea and crossed to England. There he saw Edward IV. and Warwick and George, Duke of Clarence. Here a lost fashion of merry England is recorded: "And this custom also is here observed. ceive them, and each one of them it behoves each one to kiss. Indeed, to mood which she is pleased to call her used to offer the hand." The itinerary "B personality"? Perhaps, if things had leads the Bohemians through France and Spain to Portugal and on the return

voyage to northern Italy and Venice. There is more individuality and a more vivid picture of character in the story 'obsession' had taken in charge. The of Wilwolt of Schaumburg, a leader of mercenaries under Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and later under Albert of Saxony. A clear idea, of the unruly of view, vanished, and I changed to A. landsknechts may be drawn from this, From a state of vigorous health I instantly and among all the accounts of gallant fighting in the Netherlands and on the &c. After a time B came up again, and French border the story of the wives thereafter there was the alternation, un- of Toi stands out. Owing to their pay nied against Wilwolt. They decided to capture him, and "having inquired for the wickedest and worst tempered women of Arras" they seized their husbands and refused to free them unless they went to Toi. where Wilwolt was, and b 'go, him oris- youth's body.

never thought of herself as a "multiple escaped attacked him with bread knives

In the adventures of Frederick II.

became successively Queen of Portugal and Queen of France, and with his further attempts to obtain some bride of high from his visit to Henry VIII.'s England. On his departure Lady Liste wrote: "I here, but it was not then at my hand. Please present it to him. I send it to him because when he was here I did not see him wear a pen or quill to pick his teeth with. chronicle, but Mrs. Cust does not mention her source. There is romance enough in the Palsgrave's love quest, and much that back to lunch. One might think that a his court life and his wanderings. The last of Mrs. Cust's wanderers is

the most amusing. He is Hans von Schweinichen, who was attached to the court of Henry XI., Duke of Liegnitz, in Silesia, the most impecunious of rulers, and accompanied him in his expeditions through Germany, made in the hopes of borrowing money. The amazing tales of prodigality and of ingenious makeshifts, of plots to establish credit and of their usual failure are unfortunately too long to quote. There is life in all the a perambulator has been stopped and persons told of, the dissolute and drunken Duke, his amiable Duchess, the ingenious, distracted chronicler engaged in the hopeless task of raising money for his master, with the frequent comment that the persons applied to schlugen gänzlich ab; of his courtship and married life. Perhaps a man would have ventured further in to him. The Monday before he died was the accounts of this wild life than Mrs. his seventy-second birthday. It was deed may be the difficulty as well as the Cust has, but she certainly makes it very raining, but he took his walk as usual entertaining. It is a vivid picture of in spite of a cold from which he was human beings.

The four chronicles cover the century. They offer a novel and intimate view of Saturday he died. the life and activities of the time; they men who have been often mere names. from them, but that is insignificant compared with the human interest.

## THE FALSE FACE DANCE. An Iroquois Custom Which Survives in New York State.

There are between five thousand and six thousand Iroquois Indians in the State of New Yorkand many of their ancient customs are still in existence. Their famous Long House, for example, once a communal dwelling, is now a council house and dancing hall and the centre of their

eremonial life. Usually situated near the ball (lacrosse) ground and village square, and surrounded by a cluster of log cabins, the Long House is always found in the pagan section of the reservation. Here at various seasons of the year the green corn dance, the New Year's festival and its attendant ceremonies, the war and great feather dances in this case the disadvantage of leaving the are held, while all the year round there are other dances, councils and pleasure festivals. Of these perhaps the most famous is the false face dance of the False Face Society, an interesting account of which is given by Alanson Skinner in the Southern Workman.

It seems that years ago, before man after his arrival home.

"Do you think I am going to take your word before your head master's?" replied was made, the earth was created to the Admiral.

Ha-wen-i-yu. As he was walking about the Admiral.

Swinburne was sentenced to the deprivation of all pleasures and privileges privation of all pleasures and privileges.

'What do you on my earth?" cried the

show his force he turned and called to a mountain which stood beside them.

The mountain approached and stood near by, but Ha-wen-i-yu bade the monster turn about, and as it did so he caused the mountain to come up so swiftly and so close that it struck the monster upon the side of his face and knocked his mouth awry, just as you sometimes see it carved on false faces nowadays.

The monster saw that the mysterious power of Ha-wen-i-yu was far greater than his, so he begged for mercy. Hewen-i-yu told him that he must die, for a race of beings called men were about

mitted to live and offered if mankind would keep his memory and that of his people sacred and do them honor, to nid them in the curing of the sick. So Ha-wen-i-yu permitted the false face people to live at the ends of the world where they may never be seen, and the Indians keep up a society in their honor, with the late Lord Houghton. It was a men's party of half a dozen, all of them where they may never be seen, and the Indians keep up a society in their honor, which holds a great dance for them every New Year.

The dancers are clad in dondescript a mass of reduish yellow had clothes with bideous wooden masks. The organization is semi-secret, but the organization is semi-secret, but one, when somebody raised a literary almost every one knows pretty well who question touching Sophocles or Shake-

medicine" the whole company is not necessarily present, perhaps only one or two. Mr. Skinner was told by one of the Senecas that there are among the Indians many secret medicine socieites of which the whites know absolutely nothing

The Iroquois still keep up many primi-The froquois still keep up many primi-tive customs besides the ceremonial life. Corn is still ground in huge wooden mortars with long, heavy, double ended pestles, and it is very amusing to see in a well regulated frequois house the mortar in one corner and the ice cream freezer in the other. Almost as amusing is it to stand on the ball ground and hear Caruso singing from a phonograph while not 100 yards away the Long House rocks ings to the stamp and yell of the war dance.

## Boy's Fight With an Owl.

Menominee correspondence Detroit News. wi that was the largest ever seen in this afternoon and the boy won.

Armed with a .22 calibre rifle, Bartley and Armed with a .22 calibre rifle, Bartley and several companions returning from school sighted the huge owl in a tree near his home. Taking aim, he fired and down came the owl. The lad picked up the supposedly dead bird, which with a lightning movement sank lisclaws deep into Bartley's shoulders. Coverable with blood spurting in screams, the youth managed to clutch the bird by the neck and attempted to strangle it, but the owl, releasing its razor edged claws, slashed its combatant with terrible effect. Finally the lad, weakened from loss of blood, hurled himself prostrate, crushing the bird into the earth.

the earth.

As the victor staggered away several pedestrians reached the scene and he fainted in their arms. An examination showed that twenty-two cuts ranging from half an inch to two inches in length were indicted on the

STORIES OF SWINBURNE His Love of Privacy-A Disaster at Eter

-His Prodigious Memory. LONDON, April 14.-No one can doubt Swinburne's real love of privacy, and he had the ability to secure it. A friend of the writer once set out for a morning walk with Tennyson from the poet's secluded country home. Hardly had they started when a couple of other pedes trians were seen approaching.

The laureate growled with anger is him and frowned beneath his sombrero as he hitched his flowing cloak across his beard. Then the strangers passed him incurious without a glance. If the narrator may be believed there was more of pained surprise than of relief in the poet's tone as he remarked: "They didn't know me."

Every morning, as everybody knew who cared to know, Swinburne lef his home at Putney at 10 o'clock and walked three miles to the Rose and Crown Tavern on the edge of Wimbledon Common. There he sipped his glass of ale -surely he was the last great poet to drink ale in a tavern-and then walked man who loved to walk and think alone would have avoided Putney, Wimbledon Common and a public inn; but Swin burne's personality seemed to protect him. Once a bold spirit talked to him for a while but got no reply till the poe

looked at him blandly and said: "I see you are talking, but unfortunately I am stone deaf."

There was one class of people upor whom Swinburne would inflict himself ruthlessly as he crossed the common He could seldom resist a baby. Many many a little veil lifted on Wimbledon Common by the poet who so steadfastly refused to fall into the nets of the adult lion hunters.

Wet or fine, rain or shine, when he was at home Swinburne took this three miles the entertaining and touching account out and three miles back. Overcoat. walking stick and gloves were anathema suffering. It was for the last time. Pneumonia developed, and the following

Obituary notices will have told of Swinlines will reach their destination. Except and they show what treasures of informa- for a very short period, he was so much tion and what entertainment are hidden of a recluse that there are few of those of mark dies. There is an amusing story told of his return from school after hi first half at Eton.

> His father, Admiral Swinburne, went to take him home from his lodgings, and the two entered a train from Paddington in which Dr. Goodford, then head master, was seated reading the Times. "Isn't that Dr. Goodford?" asked the

Admiral. "I believe it is." the boy stammered re luctantly.

"Believe it is!" went on the father you must surely know your own head Then clearing his throat and raising

his voice, the Admiral bent forward and said, "Dr. Goodford, I believe, sir." Incensed at being disturbed, the doctor glared round the paper and said testily

"Yes, sir, at your service."
"Well, sir," rejoined the Admiral, jerking a finger at little Swinburne. "my boy
has just finished his first term at Eton. and I should very much like to know what account you can give of him?"

The doctor probably did not even know of his existence, but, enraged at the in-terruption, he glared at the hapless boy whom he perhaps regarded as responsible, and said: "Your boy, sir—your boy is one of the worst in the school." It was in vain that Swinburne protested

Following the natural course of his family but not of his bent, Swinburne monster.

"It is not your earth but mine." retorted Ha-wen-i-yu.

"You lie." said the monster. "I have lived here ever since the world began."

"But I made the world!" cried Ha-wen-i-yu.

"Prove it," said the monster, and to show his force he turned and called to a mountain which stood beside them.

"A fahily but not of his bent, Swinburne went to Oxford. His college was Balliol, and in those days Jowett's influence was beginning to be predominant there. Though a fine Greek scholar and a master of Greek verse, Swinburne only took a second class in classical moderations and never took his degree; but he won the Taylorian prize for Italian and French and made friends with William Morris and Burne-Jones.

language was scarcely greater than his looked chiefly for relics of the saints in a race of beings called men were about the towns they visited and the descriptions are limited usually to a few adjectives. Here and there a lively picture mitted to live and offered if mankind with the could write elegiacs that won the admiration of Jebb, and offered if mankind "His memory for poetry was amazing."

thich holds a great dance for them every a men's party of half a dozen, all of them pretty well known, except a youth with a mass of reddish yellow hair.

almost every one knows pretty well who the dancers are. They go through their dance with ludicrous antics to the time of a turtle shell rattle and blow ashes upon and doctor such sick people as are present and desire it.

At other times when they "practise medicine" the whole company is not recessful present perhaps only one or the writer (and at midnight I remember

the writer, 'and at midnight I remember we all adjourned to my room, where we sat about on chairs or on the bed, listening while this amazing young poet poured out page after page of his own unpublished verse till 2 in the morning! "The young poet was Algernon Swinburne.

> CROWS ON GOLF LINKS. One Fastidious Bird That Would Steal Only New Balls. From the Field.

The crow seems to be attracted to golf balls in a way wholly peculiar from the rest of the bird species. In parks where the rook and the crow abound one can notice them sitting in the trees or hopping about Lee Bartley, 16 years old, and a hooded ing the roll of the ball with a direct or sidelong glance expressive of the keenest inounty fought a battle to the death this terest and curiosity, which is soon translated into a desire to carry it off to the roost in the neighboring wood.

The Kew Gardens adjoin the Mid-Surrey course, and in the royal preserve there used to be a fairly large colony of crows nesting among the trees. Of this colony there was one particular crow who found his greatest amusement in mingling among the golfers and in disconcerting their play by indulging in repeated predatory campaigns against their golf balls.

His policy was to hover in attendance on those players who used new white balls only Those on which the paint had been chipped or which had been used in play for several rounds by an economical player were always rejected by this particular bird as

being beneath his fastidious attention. - 1 3 A State of the State of t